

BISMARCK AT HOME.

Carpenter at a Picnic at Friedrichsruhe in Honor of the Statesman.

A POWERFUL OLD MAN.

In His Manner None of the Austerity His Portraits Indicate.

HIS SON'S BEAUTIFUL BRIDE.

Trees of the Estate Cared for With What Amounts to Tenderness.

THE EX-CHANCELLOR'S LOVE FOR DOGS

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

HAMBURG, July 1.—This is my second day in Europe, and I have already had a good opportunity to see something of the greatest of European statesmen.

Prince Otto von Bismarck has a vast estate within half an hour's ride by train from Hamburg, and he has a reception in one of the most beautiful groves of his vast forests yesterday to a celebrated club of Hamburg.

The people at the picnic were his friends and worshippers, and among the features of the celebration was the raising, at the close of a song, out of a grave hidden by branches a gigantic statue of Bismarck in the full armor of his rank as an officer.

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ducks, who wear shoes too small for them and spend their time in sticking out their feet to be looked at. His manner of speaking is more like that of our best after-dinner speakers and he uses up the simple conversational style, saying the most striking things in a most striking way with little apparent emotion. He talks in the same tone in private conversation and he is said to be one of the most entertaining talkers in Europe.

Count Herbert and His Bride. The little table at which the Bismarck family sat at this picnic under the trees was about four feet wide and perhaps 12 feet long. It was covered with a white cloth, and the seats were chairs knocked up out of pieces of split beech wood, and these were decorated with green branches.

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The old Emperor, who will remember, made him a present of it at the close of the Franco-Prussian war. It comprises in all nearly 20,000 acres, and I am told that Bismarck has been adding to this by buying new lands from time to time. The most of these many square miles of land is covered with virgin forest trees. The ground is rolling and a deep stream winds its way in and out through the forest.

It is only about 15 miles from the city of Hamburg, and if you will imagine 20,000 acres within half an hour's ride on a horse-drawn carriage, you will get some idea of its value. Did it belong to an American statesman its magnificent trees would have long since been cut into kindling wood and as willa sties it would be raising the crops of "for sale" signs which you find within half an hour's ride on a horse-drawn carriage.

Prince Bismarck is a great lover of nature. He likes to take walks through his woods, and he knows every tree and keeps track of his timber. He has a planing mill not far from his house, but no trees are cut where they will be missed, and I found in going through the forest that there were many nurseries and that young trees were regularly grown.

Forest Preservation a Fine Art. The amount of timber in the forest is accurately known, and a scientific measurement was lately taken of every tree and its cubic feet of lumber calculated. Perhaps a dozen men do nothing else than take care of the forests. There is a head forester, and he has his assistants, and these men were present at the picnic yesterday.

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A PARK FOR SALMON.

One of the Suggestions for Saving the Valuable Food Fish.

WASTEFUL METHODS OF ALASKA.

Streams in Which There is as Much Swimming Flesh as Water.

HOW THE BEARS FEED UPON THEM

(FOR THE DISPATCH.)

Can Congress save the salmon of Alaska? It is going to try, having at last wakened to the danger which threatens this valuable fishery. Money will be appropriated without further delay for putting a stop to the wasteful methods of capture, and probably millions of fry hatched by artificial means will be poured into the streams of that region.

At the same time, the peril which menaces the salmon of Alaska is scarcely so imminent as has been declared. If there were an unlimited demand, the fishery would unquestionably be wiped out within five or six years. Companies would set up canneries on every stream, blocking all the rivers with nets and traps so that not a single fish could go to spawn, and pretty soon there would be no more to catch.

This year owing to a previous glut, the seven canning concerns have been compelled to reduce their output to one-half that of last year. The fish they legitimately need for their annual pack might be taken without causing any perceptible diminution in the number of fish available for the market.

For the sake of illustration take a virgin salmon stream, to which the fish are accustomed to resort in the spring of every year. Lured by a waterfall, the fish return always to the river which has been originally spawned and hatched. According to the headwaters they breed, returning thereupon to the ocean. One day along the banks of the stream a cannery is set up, a factory near the mouth. It stretches nets or traps clear across the river, allowing not one salmon to go up, and destroying vast numbers of the fish.

As the fish are scarce, the cannerymen are obliged to resort to the most wasteful methods. They use nets and traps, and they use dynamite. The fish are killed in great numbers, and the cannerymen are obliged to resort to the most wasteful methods.

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THE LAST SIGNAL

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY DORA RUSSELL.

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The Broken Seal," "The Track of the Storm," "A Fatal Past," Etc.

Two lovers, Sir James MacKinnon, Bart., and Miss Miriam Clyde, are standing by the sea-shore, and the former is urging her to name the wedding day. She pleads for delay, in the meantime an accident occurs, a soldier being wounded by a firing party. Miriam binds up his wound and saves his life. Glancing at each other's face a mutual recognition takes place. On arriving home the doctor who was summoned to the wounded man gave her a note which the soldier had hastily scribbled. It contains the words "For God's sake keep my secret." Miriam, by means of Dr. Reed, sends to her soldier-patient a brief message.

"Do not be afraid," which he receives as he is lying in the hospital. In the meantime Miriam's mother, Mrs. Clyde, makes up her mind that her daughter shall be married to Sir James in a month, and tells her so. But Miriam, thinking of a life dearer than her own, hanging in the balance, pleads earnestly for more time. Mrs. Clyde writes to her other daughter, Joan, who is married to a hard and stern General Conway, asking them to the an unlimited demand, the fishery would unquestionably be wiped out within five or six years.

Companies would set up canneries on every stream, blocking all the rivers with nets and traps so that not a single fish could go to spawn, and pretty soon there would be no more to catch. Fortunately, the market will only take a certain amount of fish, and thus the business is forced to limit itself.

Methods That Are Wasteful. This year owing to a previous glut, the seven canning concerns have been compelled to reduce their output to one-half that of last year. The fish they legitimately need for their annual pack might be taken without causing any perceptible diminution in the number of fish available for the market.

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did not understand except over her. What Miriam, her proud, reserved girl should have gone out alone at night positively appalled her. For, she saw, had not been out, and when Ford began to pluck up her spirits and said something more about the ship-wreck, Mrs. Clyde, with a look and a gesture commanded her to be silent.

Long Mrs. Clyde sat there watching her daughter, her acute mind seeking for some possible motive to account for Miriam's conduct. That she had gone out to meet someone—some secret lover—seemed to be the only solution that Mrs. Clyde could think of. And this thought was most grievous to her. And who could it be? Captain Escourt seemed at one time to admire Miriam, but it had never apparently gone any further than admiration. Indeed, Mrs. Clyde did not encourage the attentions of young officers to her daughter. Dr. Reed! Could it be Dr. Reed? But no, no.



MIRIAM, CRIED MRS. CLYDE, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

impossible decided Mrs. Clyde. Then she remembered how determinedly Miriam had delayed her wedding for a month. Indeed, Mrs. Clyde grew more and more uneasy as she reflected. Good heavens! had the girl been playing a part all this while, perhaps not meaning to marry Sir James after all? Mrs. Clyde felt positively afraid to leave the room; afraid to leave Miriam alone, and yet she did not wish to tell her husband that anything extraordinary had happened.

"It's a tremendous gale," answered Colonel Clyde, frowning at the soldier's remark. "I have never seen a gale so fierce as this. It is a fearful thing, and I am sure you ought to take some brandy." Colonel Clyde did not refuse his wife's offer, and as he sipped his cognac he once more alluded to the soldier's Dare.

"I think there must be some history attached to this Dare," he said, "for just before he plunged into the sea he went up to Dr. Reed and asked him to take charge of a small packet which he had in his hand. I may not return, you know, doctor," he said, "and if I do not will you see this is safely delivered to—you know whom." Escourt thought he said, so I suppose Reed knew all about him. At all events, after he had saved the man, I saw Reed give him this packet back, and moreover, Reed would not say anything about it."

"A packet?" repeated Mrs. Clyde. "It looked like a big envelope, and Dare carried it away with him. The doctor insisted on his leaving the shore; some gift from his sweetheart most likely, poor fellow." "Yes, most likely," said Mrs. Clyde, and then she left the room and went upstairs one more to look at Miriam.

She was still sleeping, and her mother stood watching her with an uneasy heart.

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